

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

## CORNER FOR COOKS

## Canned Pineapple.

Pick out the eyes, peel and put through food cutter. Put over fire in preserving kettle, adding 1 cup sugar for each quart of fruit, and water enough to cover. Cook until tender, then turn into jars and seal hot.

## Rice Waffles.

Scald in one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of rice flour, and when cool, add two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder and sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in well greased waffle iron and serve very hot. They require a little more time for baking than ordinary waffles but when properly managed are excellent.

## Grated Apple Pudding.

This is a delicious pudding; the apples should be tart and good flavor. Peel the apples and then grate them. When all are grated, add an equal amount of sugar; and allow four well beaten eggs, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Line a deep pudding dish with rich paste, pour in the apple mixture and bake half an hour in a hot oven. Serve plain or with sweetened cream.

## Maple Custard.

Beat 4 eggs until light, add 1-4 teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of grated maple sugar, 1 tablespoon of cornstarch and a little grated nutmeg. Beat until smooth and thick, and add a quart of scalded milk, pour into a well buttered baking dish, stand it in a pan of hot water and bake until firm in the center.

## Orangeade.

Orangeade is made the same as lemonade, only if the oranges are not very acid they will require a little lemon juice. A strawberry or two, a section of orange, or pineapple put into the glass, not for flavor, but for looks, makes a pretty variety to the plain drink.

## Buttermilk Cake.

One cup sugar, 1-2 cup hot milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful butter, salt, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flour to make medium batter and a little lemon extract make a good cake.

Gold coin to the amount of \$1,000, 000 has been withdrawn from the sub-treasury for shipment to Cuba.

"I never could make such good pie crust before."

Mrs. F. P. Hardman, 66 Wabash Ave., Newark.

# D & C

SELF-RAISING FLOUR  
For Light-Delicate Pie Crust-Biscuit, Pastry and Dumplings.

Easy & Practical  
Home Dress Making  
Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper  
By Pictorial Review

## A Smart Skirt and Blouse.



One of the most popular models for a mid-summer skirt. It is made

of cotton corduroy and worn with a blouse of pink batiste.

A fascinating blouse of pale pink batiste is worn with the attractive skirt of white cotton corduroy pictured here. The skirt is a four-piece model closing at the front and has a removable one-piece circular yoke belt with straight trimming pieces inserted at the sides.

In medium size the skirt requires 2 1/2 yards material. It is a model that will enjoy great popularity because of its smart simplicity. The home dressmaker today has a lesson in the cutting of the skirt, which is of utmost importance if the lines are to be preserved. The pocket and the back gore are laid on a lengthwise thread of material, with the front gore to the left, arranged in the same way. The placing for the back gore and the trimming for the belt are placed along the selvage edge of the corduroy. The belt sections shown in the cutting guide are to be used in case a three-piece belt with extended sides is preferred to the one-piece girdle shown in the illustration.

The washable corduroys in white are among the most fashionable materials of the season for separate skirts, being particularly at-active in the fine cordings. Then there are other corded white cottons and a few of the rougher raine weaves that are in great demand.

These smart skirts are not confined to development in tub materials, however, for they look exceedingly good in flannel, serge and taffeta.



FOLD OF 54 INCH MATERIAL WITHOUT NAP

Pictorial Review Waist No. 1. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 15

cents. Skirt No. 2. Sizes, 22 to 36 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

Fall Neckwear Is  
Arriving in New Guises

## SO ULTRA.

Out of nearly two hundred different choices designed by the Association of American Neckwear Manufacturers this one was picked as representative of what autumn will provide for chic "fixings." A fine white net is polka dotted along the edge and shirred into a double drape, which is finished with narrow val. The roll collar is cleft to make revers, also embroidered.

## WILL ARREST BANKERS

Newark, N. J., July 27.—Warrants for the arrest of Edward H. Hatch, vice president of the Mutual Trust Co. of Orange, N. J., closed Monday by the state banking commission and for Thomas S. Byrnes secretary and treasurer were issued today. They are charged with conspiracy to defraud. The bank is out of \$36,000.

The Atlantic Coast line opened its large bridge on the Santee river, near St. Stephen, for through traffic between Florida and New York for the first time since the recent floods.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON  
HEART TOPICS

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## AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

My bride, I feel as though inspired  
My hands on thy head to lay,  
And pray that God may keep thee  
So blest, fair, pure, for aye.

The average young man usually figures that he can take just about two weeks for honeymooning, then it will be high time to get back to his business and buckle down to the usual routine of hard work and money getting. The average bride is generally so enthralled by the now wonderful life she has just entered that she wishes devoutly that the honeymoon trip could last a month or two.

It casts a sudden gloom over the rosiest, sunniest honeymoon for the bride to come unexpectedly upon her husband, finding him pacing nervously up and down the room, with his brows puckered into a decided frown. "Aren't you happy, Harry dear?" she falters, undecided as to whether to run to him or fling herself down on the sofa in a fit of sulks or tears. "Happy! Oh certainly," he answers quickly, "but, by George, I was just thinking I ought to be back in the office. I didn't get any letters letting me know how business is getting on and it worries me." You promised to think of me and me only while we were away," sobs his bride, a keen note of disappointment in her voice. "Oh, yes, to be sure," he answers, abstractedly, "but, looking about hotels or going sight seeing is getting on my nerves. We could be as happy and a great deal more contented home. What do you say to getting back?" When a husband begins to talk like that, even the most inexperienced of brides dimly realizes that their honeymoon has reached its zenith and it has just begun to wane a bit. Of course, if he really insists upon or makes a scene, hubby yields to her wishes, but all of the time he is taking her out right seeing, he is harassed by thoughts of business which will wedge themselves in. When she thinks he is out on the porch enjoying a cigar, he is found to be in some hot stuffy corner of the reading room writing a long, anxious letter to the firm, arranging them he will not be absent much longer. A honeymoon is only a really truly one when both bride and groom can completely forget the pressure, care and obligations of duties awaiting at home.

If worry treads hard on the heels of pleasure the quicker the trip is brought to a close the better. That does not necessarily mean that the honeymoon is to end abruptly. Some honeymoons last while both live and love. When a man begins to grow restless over extending the length of the wedding trip, a sensible bride will agree that coming home a week or so earlier than they had planned will not matter much after all. The so-called friends who might comment on it are not earning the bread and butter for hubby. Their opinions should have no weight with a bride. Her husband's interests, and his only, she should study and conform to. To the majority of couples there comes but one honeymoon in a lifetime; who can blame them for making the most of it? But a very short and sweet one is far better than a longer one into which anxieties creep. Very often expenses are found to be more than the most careful reckoner anticipated. The newly-wedded pair never commence to save until they are duly installed in home, sweet home.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libbey's answers to your letters. Correct name and address must be given to insure attention. Initials printed. Write short letters on one side of paper only. Use ink. Personal letters cannot be answered. Address Miss Laura Jean Libbey, No. 946 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN'S FEELINGS NOT  
TOUCHED BY GIRL'S LETTER

R. E. A. K. writes: "I need your heart talks. Eight months ago, I met a young man of twenty-five. Went together while he was in town. He left. We wrote. My last letter was unanswered. Something in it may have displeased or hurt his feelings. Am I to write and explain or not? Am going on nineteen. Please reply." Wait. Don't fear. Men's feelings are not touched by girl's nice letter. He may have another. Is too busy to write perhaps. Will start sending letter when least expected.

"SWEETHEART" LADYLIKE  
GIRLS WIN

G. S. writes: "I am a reader past sixteen, adored by young man past eighteen. Another girl tries to cut me out, is fonder of him too. Says they call each other 'Sweetheart.' He never has offered to take her out. I am mostly ladylike. He has taken me out a number of times. Which does he love best?" Modest (or as you phrase it) ladylike girls, not after others' beaux, men like best.

TELL KIN; ACCEPT  
ENGAGEMENT RING

I. H. writes: "I am a girl of twenty, who constantly reads your talks. Young man of twenty-one takes me out in style. Intimates he loves me better than any on earth. Has fine

position. Spends money too liberally. Asks me to marry him at end of the year. I love him. Keeping proposal from my folks, am uncertain if I put him out with no chance from not being outspoken to my kin, to wed. Do you think I ought to accept engagement ring from him? He is dear to me."

"SEER" CAN'T ACQUAINT  
ONE OF FUTURE WOOER

G. P. S. writes "Youth in glass house and I there greatly admired each other. He turned me from his mind. Worry ceased as a 'seer' offered to acquaint me how to know he will come back, if I paid for information. I am twenty-six. He is twenty-three."

Avoid future gatherer of knowledge as to his coming back. No one finds that out but you. Cease to strive after him. Pleasantness will help him to return.

## TODAY'S POEM

## THE WEED AND THE YOUTH.

I'm only a weed in the garden,  
But the sun is bright to me;  
The air is warm, the birds are near,  
They nest in my friend the tree.

The rain and the air and the sun-shine  
Put the power of growth in me;  
I struggle up to achieve my end,  
I joy in the life to be.

They tell me I mar the garden,  
But it's quite like home to me.  
I know I'm plain, but I want my chance,  
I want to be wild and free.

I hear the sound of the sickle;  
It sounds like death to me,  
Why should I fall? I am not to blame,  
But I bow to its sharp decree.

I'm only a youth in the trenches,  
But the world is sweet to me,  
The sickle of death makes a hissing sound,  
I'm a weed on the barren lea.

—F. B. M.



We asked the young lady across the way what she thought of the Mexican border anyhow and she said she liked plenty herself.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS  
AND DESIGNS.  
JOHN RECK & SON.

HER HOME NO  
LONGER CHILDLESSOperation Not Necessary after  
Taking the Great Medicine  
for Women.

Miller's Falls, Mass.—"Doctors said I had displacement very badly and I would have to have an operation. I had a soreness in both sides and a pulling sensation in my right side. I could not do much work the pain was so bad. I was also troubled with irregularity and other weaknesses. My blood was poor. We had been married four years and had no children."

After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I became well and strong and was saved from the operation. We are now the parents of a big baby girl and I praise your remedies to others and give you permission to publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPH GUILBAULT, JR., Bridge Street, Miller's Falls, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for restoring women to normal health and strength. When this is done, women no longer despair of having children.

A woman should be reluctant to submit to a surgical operation until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. If you have a case that needs special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Then I'll Come  
Back to You  
By Larry Evans

By Larry Evans

AUTHOR OF  
"ONCE TO EVERY MAN"

(Continued.)

He whirled. So swiftly that it took her breath he was out of the saddle and across the road and standing knee deep in the undergrowth beside her. Only his profile had been visible to her at first. Now the white line of his jaw and the light in the eyes that searched her face chilled her even as they sent the blood singing in every vein. Only a few hours before she had seen that same cold fear in Miriam Burrell's eyes, and yet not the same, either, for hers had been a panic of lost hope, and the gleam in the man's eyes was already only partly dread of disaster and partly a great and unmistakable glow of thankfulness. Barbara remembered then, with a twinge of guilt that she could have forgotten it so completely, the black robed figure that had gone thundering off on the same mount which Stephen O'Mara was riding now. She half lifted both hands to him apprehensively.

"You aren't going to tell me, are you," she asked, "that anything dreadful has happened to Garry?"

Dumbly, but most reassuringly, Steve shook his head. From the top of her hatless, wind tossed, brown crowned head to the tips of the absurdly small boots tucked up beneath her he scanned her slim body. Barbara realized that he was trying to speak and finding the effort hard. Slowly he removed his hat and passed one hand across his forehead.

"Man," he ejaculated fervently to himself, "but that's the longest hundred yards you've ever traveled on foot or a horseback!" and abruptly, accusingly to her, "Do you know that I've been months and years and ages rounding that bend to—to find you a little crumpled up heap in the road?"

"I'm sorry," she murmured humbly. "I'm sorry to—disappoint you; but, you see, I didn't know."

She laughed at him. Her lips curled, petal-like, in a gurgling play of enjoyment at his shamefaced grin. "I found your horse rolling," he explained, and his gravity was damped in the face of her brightness. "How I knew it was yours I don't know, but I did just the same. I thought she had thrown you. I'd already made up my mind, if there was one scratch on your body, to take that mare's head between my hands and break her neck! You see, I believed I knew already just what it would mean to me if anything ever happened to you. But it's a lot different imagining the world without you—and facing the actual possibility of it. Was I—fairly tragic?"

## CHAPTER X.

"Not a Chance in the World!"

"Of course you've found Garry?" She hastened to swing the conversation to a less personal quarter. "Is he—will you tell me about it, please?"

One small, gauntleted hand made an almost imperceptible gesture toward the unoccupied space beside her on the fallen tree. But he chose the ground at her feet. And after he had disposed of his long length to his liking he answered her hurried question—answered it with an amiably lazy deliberation that promised a sure return to a topic of his own choosing, in his own good time.

"No," he stated, and there was something lugubrious in the baldness of the statement. "He found me. And it was the biggest stroke of luck that he did. I grow more and more lucky this morning. Wouldn't you say so?"

"But you must have an inkling as to the man's identity?" she cried. "Why, you've got to find that out before he does more harm next time. Haven't you a suspicion even?"

One foot swung free. She leaned forward in her eagerness, a slender and entirely boyish figure in diminutive breeches and boots and straight lined coat. And the man laughed aloud up into her flushed face, softly and not quite steadily at her hostile indignation, her intuitive feminine curiosity, and most of all, most unsteadily, at his wonder of her herself.

"Why, yes," he admitted. "Both Joe and I do believe we know who it was, but we aren't sure because we don't understand yet what that man's motive might be. I'd tell you only I don't like to accuse anybody until there is cause for it. But that's what brought me down here this morning—and because I wanted to tell Miss Burrell that Garry is safe and will continue to be from now on, I hope. Those were two of my reasons for coming at least. I had a more important one than either, but—"

Barbara did not wait for him to tell her what it was. She was staring at him in unfeigned surprise.

"To tell Miriam?" she echoed. "Do you—you can't mean that you knew she cared for Garry?"

"Didn't you?"

The girl shook her head.

"Never until just a little while ago. I—do you know, in the last few days I've begun to realize how much more you—other people—observe than I do. I've begun to wonder if I haven't been very blindly self sufficient. For I never dreamed of such a thing until some-

thing happened after I left you last night." Her voice faltered, but her eyes clung resolutely to his. "She came to me and asked me if I knew where he had gone. She had seen him ride away, too, Mr. O'Mara. And I learned it then just from the terror in her face. But I didn't know until later how much she cared."

"She came into my room this morning, and that, although you can't know it, was more than 'odd in itself, because I have always been the one to carry my woes to her. It must have been between 4 and 5, for I had counted a clock striking 4, and yet she was still dressed in her party costume. Have you guessed what she had been doing? Mr. O'Mara, she had been out looking for him! She had slipped out and been waiting because she was sure Ragtime would bolt and—and come back home, dragging him by a stirrup! Wasn't that a horrible thing to wait for alone in the dark?"

With a little shudder the girl put her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the picture.

"She wasn't hysterical, either. She was just ice and wringing wet and blue with cold. Cool, proud, intolerant."

"Twice I've been bitterly unkind to you."

Miriam Burrell! And I'd never dreamed of her caring for anybody until that minute! I sent her to bed, and I think I hated Garry Devereaux for an hour or two. Why, Mr. O'Mara, I'd never believed that a girl could care that much for any man!"

She sat a long time, nursing one slim knee between her palms.

"Mr. O'Mara," she appealed to him at last, "how might one reopen a rather difficult subject with—a suddenly most difficult conversationalist?"

"Without turning his head he made answer: 'I think Fat Joe's method is as good as any,' he suggested. 'Joe says the only way to reopen an argument is to take a running jump and land, all spraddled out, right in the middle of it. He insists that such procedure leaves no doubt in the mind of any one that the discussion is about to be resumed.'"

She laughed a little. "Then shall we consider that I've taken the—jump and landed?"

Just when she was wishing most that she could see his face he swung around toward her. Again his gravity was a totally gentle thing. It made her remember the self possessed kindness with which he had met her unreasonable rage the night before.

"Twice I've been bitterly unkind to you," she began, "once a long time ago and—once last night. And on both occasions you have just tried to tell me, indirectly at least, that you cared, hadn't you?"

"Indirectly?" he murmured. "Was I as obscure as that?" And then whimsically, "Won't you call that explanation enough and let me tell it to you again—so you can't misunderstand?"

"I've asked you to forgive me the first offense," she hurriedly denied his appeal. "And the second, Mr. O'Mara, years ago you told me I didn't think you good enough to—to be my knight. My outburst was only childish temper that day, but did you think last night that I still underrated you?"

Steve finally shook his head when she persisted in waiting for his answer.

"You just have finished now," he warned her, however. "I'm not going to tell you one single bit of what I think of you until it comes my turn!"

She tried to laugh at his stubbornness, but she had trouble with this explanation, which grew more vexingly intricate and involved the further she went.

"Then we'll say you didn't," she continued. "I told you last night, less kindly than I might have, that I was engaged to Mr. Wickersham. And I've just confessed, too, that I didn't know a girl could care for any man as un-

terably, as blindly and pridelessly, as Miriam cares for the man Garry is. That is the truth. For quite a long, long time it has been understood that I was to marry Mr. Wickersham. I have always admired him—found him above petty things; but, Mr. O'Mara, I have always been sure for as long a time that the ability to care for any one—the way I think you believed last night I might care for you was left out of me. And so it wasn't you who awoke my contempt, even though I did turn it against you. It was I myself. It was I and not you who was not 'good enough' for even if I am the kind of girl who can't love anybody very much, except perhaps herself, I should at least play fair. Isn't that so?"

Minute after minute passed, while she sat plaiting the cloth tight stretched over one knee. Lips softly a-quiver, she waited, earnest, eager that he understand from her explanation that which she did not yet understand at all herself. Again she wished that he would turn. She wanted greatly to see whatever there might be behind his heavy silence.

"Isn't it?" she faltered timidly. And yet when his head did come around she found she couldn't face him.

"Is it my turn now?" he asked. Her answer was barely audible.

"If—if you have to—have it. But I've told you how useless it is."

"Would you mind looking at me just a minute?" said Steve.

The brown head drooped even lower over the restless fingers. It shook ever so faintly.

"I'd rather not, I'm listening."

His laugh tilted recklessly in sheer joy at her refusal.

"Then I'll have to tell you," he stated, "that I'm smiling in spite of the hopelessness. I'm smiling, even though my throat is aching and my lips pretty dry."

"You've just finished trying to argue my man's case from your woman's point of view, one of the hardest, least satisfactory things that could be attempted, no doubt. And if it were possible I know I'd be loving you right now even more than I did before just because you've been so entirely unsuccessful at it. Maybe I could straighten out a point or two that must have been not quite clear to you; maybe—but I don't want to argue back at you now."

"You say my telling you all I must tell you can't help my case a little bit. All right; we'll let it stand like that for the moment. And you say you are going to marry Mr. Wickersham. All right again, but better prophets than either of us have made mistakes before now! If he hadn't forced on me one condition which I would have liked to be different I'd rather have had to mention no other man at all. This isn't the way I'd have chosen to tell you how much I care. I'd rather have told you a little at a time, but there isn't time for that now. So maybe it'll sound crude to you. I've not rehearsed it with any other woman, you see. And if it does sound that way it won't help me much, either, will it? But you're going to believe what I say!"

"You started back a dozen years or so in order to make your explanation clear. I'm starting there myself so I'll be sure you understand. You've been grieving because you hurt me—hurt me twice. Will you stop now if I tell you that I wouldn't exchange those two—shall we call them wounds—for all the kindnesses of all the other women in the world? I did believe that you didn't think me good enough that first time. That was why I was cut deeper than you'll ever know, because I knew it was only the truth. I admitted it—remember? I admitted it when I said I was coming back. Well, I'm back now, and I'm still not good enough, and not because I haven't tried to be, either. I'm just not admitting any man alive could be that. But I'm telling you, too, in the same breath that the man who takes you will have to prove he's a whole lot better before I stand aside!"

For the first time since he had begun the girl moved. Her head leaped back. She half lifted one hand in protest, but the very gladness in his face silenced her.

"My turn," he reminded her quickly. "You've just finished a rather involved bit of reasoning concerning the way other women love, a lot of which I'll have to confess I didn't attend as closely as I should have. Perhaps that's because no man's method of caring has ever interested me a great deal, except my own."

"I loved you when you were a little bit of a girl—because I loved you! And I love you that way now. Your face was the first woman face I ever looked on and—really—saw. And since that first morning it's been with me—been with me a lot of times when I didn't have anything else to look up to, I've been less hungry for thought of you, less thirsty when the road got pretty long at times. I—I worshiped you. Do you hear? Why, I've prayed to you, dumbly, wordlessly, out of black bitterness, when it seemed that any other divinity must be too busy to give any heed to—to the ragged little lad I was. Now, do you think I haven't known what it was long before this to go on when there wasn't any hope?" He waited. Her breath came in a long and quivering gasp. "I—I don't think that I want to—listen any more," she faltered.

His face went white at that, and then he was smiling again.

(To Be Continued.)

## BRIEF NEWS NOTES

George Thompson, who escaped from the county jail at Camden, N. J., on July 17, after murdering one jailer and wounding another, was captured at Pennsylvania.

By an order issued by Admiral Henry T. Mayo, in command of the Atlantic fleet, practically all athletic contests by navy teams at which a gate fee is charged will be eliminated.